

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Then trip him that his heele mas kick at heauen,  
And that his soule may be as damnd and blacke  
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staves,  
This Physick but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

*King.* My words flie vp, my thoughts remaine below  
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen go. *Exit.*

*Enter Gertrard and Polonius.*

*Pol.* A will come strait, look you lay home to him,  
Tell him his pranks haue bin too broad to beare with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betweene  
Much heat and him, Ile silence me euen heere,  
Pray you be round.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ger.* Ile waite you, feare me not,  
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

*Ham.* Now mother, what's the matter?

*Ger.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother you haue my father much offended.

*Ger.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.

*Ger.* Why how now Hamlet?

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Ger.* Haue you forgot me?

*Ham.* No by Rood not so,

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,  
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

*Ger.* Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,  
You go not till I set you vp a Glasse

Where you may see the most part of you.

*Ger.* What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murder me?

Helpe hoe.

*Pol.* What hoe helpe.

*Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

*Pol.* O I am flaine.

*Ger.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King?

*Ger.*

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ger.* O what a rash and bloudie deed is this.

*Ham.* A bloudie deed, almost as bad good mother  
As kill a King, and marrie with his brother.

*Ger.* As kill a King.

*Ham.* I Lady it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Foole farwell,

Iooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger.

Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuffe,

If damned custome haue nor braid it so,

Thas it be prooffe and bulwarke against sence.

*Ger.* What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue

In noife so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modestie,

Cals vertue Hypocrite, takes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as Dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soule: and sweet Religion makes

A rapfodie of words; heauens face does glow

Ore this solidiry and compound masse,

With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought-sick at the act.

*Quee.* Ay me what act?

*Ham.* That rores so lowd and chunders in the Index,

Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

See what a grace was seated on his brow,

*Hiperions* curls the front of *Ioue* himselfe,

An eie like *Mars*, to threaten and command,

A station like the Herald *Mercurie*,

New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,

A combination and forme indeed,

Where eury God did seeme to set his seale

To giue the world assurance of a man,

This